AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of that REVEREND DIVINE, and Truely Pious, Humble, Charitable Servant of Our Lord Jesus Christ,

Mr. JOHN TURNOR,

Late of *HATTON-GARDEN*:

Who Departed this Life the 18*th.* of *February*, and was Interr'd the 22*th.* Day of the same Moneth, 1692.

An Orthodox Divine was he
And Cloathed with Humility.

The Poor that thronged about his Gate
Methinks doth now look dessolate.

AWAKE my Muse, I think I hear some cry
Oh! Where is Mr. *Turnor*'s Elegy?
Is he forgotten that deserved so well?
Can you forbear the Truth of him to tell?
Stones could they speak, would eccho forth his Praise
Unto the World, and how he spent his Dayes:
He is now a Saint in Glory with the Blest,
A Man deserving Praise among the rest;
A True Embassador of Christ our King,
Which now with Angels Anthems sweetly sing:
He every day redeemed precious Time,
And meditated oft on things Sublime.
The Blessed Jesus he did much adore,
Admiring him in Saints that was but poor;
Reproving meekly them, that when astray,
Humbly directing them the Narrow Way
That leadeth unto Everlasting Life,
A Tender Parent, Indulgent to his Wife:
His Houshold he did guide with Prudence great,
A Man that never sate in Scorners Seat;
Fervent in Prayer, strong in Hope and Faith,
Most diligent in all, as Good Men saith,
And Friend without Interest, or hope of Gain,
A Man afflicted with anothers pain:
His Heart in Heaven was, whilst on the Earth,
A Man Religious ever from his Birth:
His Talent he improv'd very well,
I know not any that did him excel:
Two Places he did build at his own Charge,
All for Gods Worship, *Zion* to inlarge.
Great Cause have I for to lament his Death,
Woe Day to me when he resign'd his Breath:
Its self doth speak, because I have the loss,
His Death doth make me go by Weeping Cross:
But when I do consider his great Gain,
It much doth palliate my heavy Pain.
Expounding Scripture, Catechise and Creed,
Young Persons he delighted for to feed:
He's not Dead, but he is gone to sleep
I'le dry my Eyes, and will forbear to weep.
Each Mourning Saint hold up your Drooping Head
Dear Holy Mr. *Turnor* is not Dead:
He's done his Work, he's gone to rest,
And we shall see him rais'd amongst the Blest;
His Life and Conversation might all teach,
And far exceed Eloquence of Speech;
For what he Preached he Practised with Delight,
A Man most Sincere, Humble, and Upright:
A Saint full fraught with Pious Charity,
A Self-Denier of Worlds Vanity;
A Spirit Meek and Courteous unto all,
Supporting them that ready was to fall:
The Sin of Covetousness his Soul did hate,
And would admit of Passion at no rate;
Not slack at all in Works of Piety,
He Holy lived, and Sweetly he did Die:
His pains were sharp, and hard for Flesh to bear,
But of repining he took special care:
He like a Lamb surrendred up his Breath,
And patiently submitted unto Death:
His Soul did long for to be fixt above
For to behold the Lord which he did love.
On his Death-Bed he often did express
His Love into the Father, yea no less;
Praising of God for Blessed Jesus,
Who dyed on the Cross to ease us:
He did Adore the Father, Son, and Spirit,
And now with him a Kingdom doth inherit;
And to Gods Kingdom he hath made increase,
And is ascended to the Urn of Peace.

An Epitaph on the Worthy Mr. *JOHN TURNOR.*

HOnoured Earth that doth incloſe
A Bleſſed Saint to take Repoſe;
For ever him thou canſt not keep,
Therefore we will forbear to weep:
Grief to his Flock, a Doleſome Day
When ſuch a Shepherd was taken away:
So great a Light to be put out,
May humble Hearts that are full ſtout.
When Stars do fall that are ſo bright,
O how can we expect but Night:
He's gone unto the ſilent Grave,
And yield Earth what Earth did Crave;
But time will come when you will ſee
That Holy TURNOR raiſed ſhall be.
And one of them that raiſeth firſt
A Spiritual Body with the Juſt;
Though in the Grave his Body ſleep,
His Bleſſed Lord his Soul doth keep;
And when the Trumpet ſoundeth High,
And at Midnight there is a Cry,
And Jeſus Chriſt aloud doth call
Ariſe to Judgment great and ſmall;
Then you his Flock his Face ſhall ſee,
And never more ſhall parted be.

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